Pard, or Boare with briſtled haire,
In thy eye that ſhall appeare,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy deare:
Wake, when ſome vile thing is neere.

Enter Lyſander: *and* Hermia.

Lyſ. Faire loue, you faint, with wandring in the wood:
And to ſpeake troth I haue forgot our way.
Weele reſt vs *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfor of the day.

Her. Bet it ſo *Lyſander*: finde you out a bedde:
For I, vpon this banke, will reſt my head.

Lyſ. One turfe ſhall ſerue, as pillow, for vs both,
One heart, one bedde, two boſomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good *Lyſander*: for my ſake, my deere,
Lie further off yet, do not lye ſo neere.

Lyſ. O take the ſence ſweete, of my innocence.
Loue takes the meaning in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two boſomes interchained with an oath,
So then two boſomes and a ſingle troth.
Then by your ſide no bed-roome me deny;
For lying ſo, *Hermia*, I do not lye.

Her. Lyſander riddles very prettily;
Now much beſhrew my manners and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay *Lyſander* lied.
But, gentle friend, for loue and courteſie
Lie further off in humane modeſtie;
Such ſeperation as may well be ſayd
Becomes a vertuous batchellor and a mayde:
So farre be diſtant, and good night, ſweet friend;
Thy loue nere alter till thy ſweete life end.

Lyſ. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, ſay I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Heere is my bed, ſleepe giue thee all his reſt.

Her.